

# The Tragedie

*Qu.* Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.  
*King.* No to the dignitie and height of honor,  
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.  
*Qu.* Flatter my sorrowes with repect of it,  
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?  
*King.* Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,  
Will I withall endow a child of thine,  
So in the Lethie of thy angry soule,  
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee,  
*Qu.* Be briefe, lest that the proceffe of thy kindnesse  
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.  
*K.* Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.  
*Q.* My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.  
*King.* What do you thinke?  
*Qu.* That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,  
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,  
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.  
*King.* Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.  
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,  
And meane to make her Queene of England.  
*Qu.* Say then, who dost thou meane shall be her king?  
*King.* Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?  
*Qu.* What thou?  
*King.* I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?  
*Qu.* How canst thou wooe her?  
*King.* That I would learne of you,  
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.  
*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?  
*King.* Madam with all my heart.  
*Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her brothers  
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,  
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,  
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlans blood,  
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,  
If this Inducement force her not to loue,  
Send her a story of thy noble acts:  
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence.

# of Richard the third.

Her vnckle Riuer, yea, and for her sake  
Madest quicke conuiance with her good Aunt Anne.  
*King.* Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way  
To winne your daughter.  
*Qu.* There is no other way,  
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not, be Richard that hath done all this.  
*King.* Inferre faire Englands peace by this alliance.  
*Qu.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.  
*King.* Say that the king which may command intreats.  
*Qu.* That at her hands which the kings king forbid.  
*King.* Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.  
*Qu.* To waile the title as her mother doth.  
*King.* Say I will loue her euerlastingly.  
*Qu.* But how long shall that title euer last?  
*King.* Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.  
*Qu.* But how long fairely shall that title last?  
*King.* So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.  
*Qu.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.  
*King.* Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.  
*Qu.* But she your subiect loathes such soueraingtie,  
*King.* Be eloquent in my bechalse to her.  
*Qu.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.  
*King.* Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.  
*Qu.* Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.  
*King.* Madame, your reasons are too shallow & too quick.  
*Qu.* O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.  
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,  
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.  
*King.* Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.  
*Qu.* Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.  
*King.* I sweare by nothing.  
*Qu.* By nothing, for this is no oath.  
The George prophand, hath lost his holy honour:  
The Garter blemisht, pawnd his knightly vertue:  
The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie,  
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleuede,  
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.  
*King.* Now, by the world.